



SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904



DESPONDENCY AND HOPE.

DESPONDENCY.
Depressed, sad, weary? Tired of this aching strife?
When will the clouds scatter, or when will this life cease?
Tired, oh, so tired, of all that we here call life?
Oh for a bed in Mother Earth to rest in peace!

HOPE.
What may strike a note so mournful when the world has its share of woe?
Let us sing a song of gladness to cheer others in the strife;
For the song we sing, the look we bear, as we journey to and fro,
May help or hurt a brother in the fight for eternal life.
Let's live in the eternal sunshine; let's rest in the Father's love,
Let us lend a helping hand to those who falter by the way;
And we'll see the silvery lining in the clouds that hang above,
And the joy we'd bring to other hearts will come to ours each day.
—Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, in N. Y. Observer.

THE TEST OF ENDURANCE.

Character's Severest Test Is Bearing Without Faltering the Common Ills of Our Daily Life.

When the night-bound railway train, with its coaches full of drowsy passengers, stops for a few moments at a wayside station, the dim outline of some strong, faithful machinist may be seen going from coach to coach, striking each wheel in turn a ringing blow with his hammer. They little think, who ride there, says the Sunday School Times, that as each gong-like clang breaks on the silent air of the murky night, it tells the story of endurance, for better or for worse—endurance of the burden and the friction and the heat and the mighty toll of the rails. Hundreds of lives depend upon a man's applying that test with patience and care to every wheel.

All things that we really value are things that have been tested. Every article that we possess, every quality and companionship that we hold in dear and high regard, has been submitted to some far-reaching, terrible experience which has shown us where worth lies.

And the connection between the two—between the word and the testing—is closer than we often think. The turning of the earth on its axis and the falling of its smallest apple are not more intimate than are these days of soul proof and life testing in all the dear things that we love.

All life seems to sum itself up in two deep and rich experiences, which are not two, but rather twofold—endurance and achievement; what we have borne, and what we have built; what we have suffered, and what we have created.

There is nothing that men prize more highly than things tested and proved. The builder wants timbers that are toughest and hardest, which stand and rough weather in the open of forest and field, the sun in summer or the heat of the kiln, have made compact in fiber and grain. The seaman wants bricks that have felt the hottest fire in the curing, and the seafarer that has known volcanic heat.

Men cannot, however, determine this as easily of men as they can of things. But they do it as well as they can. And since they cannot pass upon thought and quality at first hand, as they can upon stratum and fiber and mass and weight, they take what seems to them as fair equivalent, and judge of knowledge and worth as they register themselves in reputation or as they coin themselves in deeds.

Yet, in spite of all this, we can go terribly astray, and follow too far, for our confusion and shame and loss, a trait that is human and faulty and crible at best. Do not let us make the mistake of supposing that God looks at achievements as we do. The all-wise question that he will ask will be, not so much what we have accomplished, but rather how much have we endured.

noble not to do so. But let us also have an eye on the men who walk obscurely in their garb, in poverty and pain, who in reality may be as far above them as the heaven is above the earth, or the soaring eagle above the worm. Let us see this vision of the man whose soul is growing beautiful and great before God—great in the highest sense of all, and made great by the greatness of endurance.

There is a level on which we may all meet without advantage, and strive as one, where no accident of race or time or mind or body favors the one or shuts out the other. That level is the arena of endurance.

The greatness of Moses, among other things, lay in his rejecting the opportunity of achievement, as men then rated it, and sharing with his own people their hard lot of servitude. The famous words: "He refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter (and all the fame and leadership that went along with it), choosing rather to share ill-treatment with the people of God," set the high glory of endurance vividly over against the tinsel glitter of fame.

When Paul turned about, the new life into which he was called embraced many things within its scope. For one thing, epistles were to be written of transforming and world-moving power, and the center of civilization was to be shifted from Asia to Europe, and all this the achievement of one God-filled and God-guided man. But the highest honor that was set before him that day was the glory of endurance—"I will show him how many things he must suffer for my name's sake."

Endurance was the very soul of his message to the Corinthian Christians, for that is the meaning of those great words of his: "Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And it is this divining word that divides, as no other can, his life from his life after he took Christ into it. Up to that vivid, memorable hour, he had made it his chief business to inflict suffering on others, make others endure; but from thenceforth he took as his proud badge that despised word which Calvary had made forever glorious, the word "endurance."

It was a deep saying of Horace Bushnell that, "if you would put character to the severest test, see if it can bear without faltering the common ills and hindrances of our daily life."

LIFE FOREVER YOUNG.

God Renews the Morning of Youth in the Feet of Age—Lesson of Implicit Trust.

It is in the morning of life, O Lord, that I see Thy glory; in the morning I see Thy helpfulness. Thou art then to me "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," a refuge from the burden and the heat. In the evening I see Thy faithfulness; I behold the retrospect of all that Thou hast done and, lo, it is all very good. But the morning is the season of my implicit trust, perfectly implicit because not yet founded on experience. I trust Thee at midday because I feel Thy help; I trust Thee at evening because I trace Thy plan; but I trust Thee at morning without any reason save "the morning's glow in my heart. I trust Thee as the lark trusts the morning air into which it soars and through which it sings. I trust Thee by an instinct of my being. I trust Thee without experience before trial, irrespective of argument, in defiance of difficulty; there is no vision but the brightness of Thy face. My God, give me back my youth; I can regain it in Thee. Let the shadows of my life be rekindled into morning's glow; let my heart be lit with Thine eternal youth.

Thou hast promised us eternal life—and what is that? Not merely life forever, but life forever young. Thine eternal life can make me a child again, a child without childishness. O Thou whose bloom time breathes not who art "the same yesterday and to-day and forever," bathe me in those fountains of the morning whence Thou hast the dew of Thy youth. Bathe me in the ocean of that love in which there is "no variableness nor the least shadow of turning," that the pulses of this heart may be renewed. Then shall I have "the bright and morning star" and "the dawning from on high" shall rise within me. Then shall creation break forth into gladness, as in the day when "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy;" I shall see the glory of life when Thy morning is in my soul.—George Matheson.

RELIGIOUS TRUTHS.

Blessed is the man that endures temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life.—James 1, 12.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you already know.—Tallyrand.

Think of good that you may avoid thinking of evil. The mind of man cannot for one moment remain in a state of inactivity.—St. Ephraim.

Life is the only real counselor. Wisdom unfiltered through personal experience does not become a part of the moral tissues.—Edith Wharton.

Jesus found so many aimless lives! They were not motionless, no meaning in their motion. This aimlessness is wretchedness. Hence the invigorating joy of the command: "Go work to-day in my vineyard."—George A. Gordon.

If we always bore in mind this solemn truth, that life is but the vestibule of the everlasting temple, the first stage of a progress that shall know no limit, the novitiate or apprenticeship, both of heart and intellect, I think we should acknowledge more fully the high importance of the trust, and endeavor to fulfill its duties in a purer and holier spirit.—W. H. D. Adams.

The Supreme Thing.
Love should be the supreme thing, because it is going to last; because in the nature of things it is eternal life.—Drummond.

The Plot and the Hatch.
The author scribbles deep in thought. The hen has ceased to scratch. The one is hatching out a plot. The other is hatching a hatch.—Lippincott's.

Discipline Must Be Maintained.
A school teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils: "Dear Miss: You write me about whipping Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beat him up any time I see him. I want him to learn his lesson. He is just like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Pound noogie into him. I want him to get it, and don't pay any attention to what his father says. I'll handle him."—Tit-Bits.

Just What He Wanted.
He was showing his wife a house in the suburbs that he contemplated purchasing.
"How do you like it, dear?" he asked.
"Oh, I'm delighted," she replied. "Its beauty fairly renders me speechless."
"That settles it," said the other half of the sketch. "I'll buy it this afternoon and we'll move out to-morrow."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chunderella.
Ella was a comely miss. Eyes were bright as tinders; When she rode upon a train, Eyes would catch a chunder. So her little brother Bill—Likely little fellow—Found a name appropriate, Called her Chunder-Ella.—Yonkers Statesman.

LOOKING FORWARD.



She—Tell me, John, you are not marrying me for my money only, are you?
He—Well, no; to tell you the truth, I hope to get your Uncle John's, too.—Ally Sloper.

Why He Slept.
"Tis the voice of the sluggard. I hear him complain.
"You have waked me too soon. I must slumber again.
For sleep's the one comfort—confess it we must—Which nowadays isn't controlled by a trust."
—Washington Star.

Ma's Error.
"Papa," asked the little son of the board of trade man, "are you a bull or a bear?"
"I'm a bull, just now."
"There! I told mamma she was mistaken when she said you was an old bear, after you went away this morning!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Quite Sure of Him.
"And so, senator," said the inquisitive lady, "you think your colleague is permitting his conscience to guide him in this matter?"
"Yes, I haven't a doubt of it. He's nearly 80 years old now, and fully realizes that his health is very feeble."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It Makes a Difference.
"What do you consider a really bad wreck?" asked the sarcastic reporter, who had been vainly trying to get some information.
"That depends," replied the honest railroad official, "on whether it takes place on our line or on some other."—Chicago Post.

Correcting an Injustice.
"When Mr. Talkwell fell on the stage the audience thought he was drunk and missed him; but they made up for it when the manager announced that he was dead."
"Why, what did they do?"
"Gave him three cheers and a tiger."—Judge.

Not Patented.
Mrs. Slimdick: The boarders are all at the table. Where's the milk?
Cook: Here, mum; but it do look awful blue.
Mrs. Slimdick: Then hurry into the dining room and pull down the yellow sunshades.—N. Y. Weekly.

Saw His Folly.
Husband—If I am an idiot, as you say, why did you marry me?
Wife—Oh, I felt sorry for you and wanted to help you out of your misery.
Husband—Well, you're rapidly doing it, all right, all right.—Chicago Daily News.

What He Would Do.
"What would you do?" said the nervous person. "If a fire were to break out in my apartment house?"
"I'd go right downstairs and thank the janitor," answered the man who is always dissatisfied.—Washington Star.

Indirect But Effective Method.
"I suppose," said the chemist, "that the secret of transmitting the baser metals into gold will never be discovered."
"Nonsense," answered the mining magnate. "I discovered that secret long ago. All you have to do is to choose your baser metal and then corner the market."—Washington Star.

Tough Times.
Rural Manager—My season has been a failure, my folks are starving, and I should like to engage you to play Othello for a week.
Bar-Sommer—With pleasure, if your terms suit.
Rural Manager—Well, I will give 50 per cent. of all the vegetables that are thrown at you.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not According to Aim.
"Do you think that your wife intended to injure you?" asked the police judge.
"Oh, no, sir," replied the meek-looking man, "it was entirely unintentional. She missed the revolver straight at me, you know."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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It was a pleasant looking Irishwoman, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, who walked into a store and asked the price of the collars she had seen displayed in the window.
"Two for a quarter," said the clerk.
"How much would that be for one?"
"Thirteen cents."
She pondered. Then, with her finger, she seemed to be making invisible calculations on the sleeve of her coat.
"That," she said, "would make the other collar twelve cents, wouldn't it? Just give me that wan."About the Size of It.
Little Willie—Say, pa, what is luxury?
Pa—A luxury, my son, is anything you happen to want when you haven't got the price.—Chicago Daily News.The Man and the Hour.
Mrs. Lodge (awaking suddenly)—Is that you, Henry? What time is it?
Mr. Lodge (comfortably)—"She dear! 'S much earlier 'n us'ly is at this time, I 'sure you.—Judge.Flattery.
"Mrs. Strongmild feels very much flattered."
"How so?"
"Why, the paper spoke of her mailness."—Chicago Post.A Man of Genius.
"A man of genius, you said?"
"Yes, he failed in art and actually admitted it—then went into business and succeeded."—Detroit Free Press.